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Vol. 64 No. 9

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#### School Days

In the journey through life, the person who really counts is the person who knows. Money alone does not make a man a Somebody, for money—even a great deal of money—is often transitory. Ancestral background in America is as important as naturally curly hair-nice to have but rarely counted in the final analysis of a man's

Knowledge is the important thing. We make our place in the sun by virtue of what we know. Thus, to achieve, we must learn. To be as important as our neighbor, we must know as much as he; to be superior, we must know more.

There are many means of gaining knowledge and many fine teachers. Mother Nature is our greatest, and wise is the man who is rich in her teachings. But few of us live in the raw.

The lessons of Experience are real and lasting, but because they are cumulative through the years, they rarely benefit the young.

Travel broadens the simple mind, environment enriches the impressionable, and mon sense is a divine heritage.

But there is something more. There is scholastic learning. Not just reading and writing and 'rithmetic. That sufficed our grandparents. Today life requires a greater knowledge. Tomorrow will demand even more of our children.

What, then, will we say to these children this month of September if they coar: "Oh, ma, don't send me back to school this year. I know enough. I'm old enough to quit school."

Upon our answer will depend their future, and their children's future. Will we give them the chance to be Somebodies?

#### New Books

These Elder Rebels, by Helen Abbott Beals, is a delightful story for Dad and I here Edder Revets, by Telein Abbott Beals, is a delignfull story for Dad and Moher to ready to live their own lives, are their parents ready to be put on the shelf? Is Sophisticated Daughter or Smart-Aleck Sonny to lead them about by the nose? Here is the story of a very modern pair of parents and how they solved these problems. Published by Frederick A. Stokes Company.

Mittess Pat, by L. M. Montgomery, is for those who loved "Anne of Green Gables," by the same author. This is the story of Pat of Silver Bush who becomes "Mittess Pat" and carries on at the cheerful farmhouse. A real story about real people. Published by Stokes.

#### Helpful Hints

Too often cake failures result from inaccurate measurements. baking powder always means a level teaspoon; a heaping teaspoonful would amount to practically a tablespoonful. When ironing, always iron with the thread of the garment, regardless of shape;

otherwise we stretch the object out of shape along a bias. When one thinks of reducing, it is well to remember that fruits and vegetables

are the foods for slenderizing; sweets and starches and fats are the fattening foods. So often the metal lace blouse that was a thing of beauty last Fall is only a bit

of dull and ugly tinsel when we take it out of the trunk this season. The thing to do, is to brush it thoroughly to remove all dust or dirt, rub powdered alum into it and roll it up in a Turkish towel for several hours. The metal cloth or lace will be new and fresh and shining.

Corn meal rubbed into last year's felt hat will clean it and make it fresh and new. MARION WHITE, Editor.

When You Move — We ask that subscribers notify us promptly of any change in their address. Ask the postman for a "change of address" card, and in filling it out, please give both the old address and the new one.

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Publishers' Photo Service

# Fighting Spirit

"My daughter will marry a man with money" - so said old Ike Walland - and how could love win against such an argument?

LAWRENCE WASHINGTON RAKES

I T was one of those cool September Sunday mornings of western Washington when the sun shone dimly through the smoke-hazed sky. Ralph Le Bleu crossed the Cowlitz river bridge under the drooping fir and cedar whose boughs were heavily laden with the late summer's dew. Ralph rode with a heavy heart, for it had come a time for him to decide a

The question had kept him awake the night before—many nights, for that matter—and he was going to settle it to-day. He dreaded it. He had reason for dreading the task.

While he had not cut such a big swath in the world's affairs, he, at least, had lived clean. But it was not like old Isaac Walland to recognize any effort a man put forth until the man had proven his mettle. A man must man had proven his mettle. A man must have acquired a certain amount of wealth to establish himself on a par with the Wallands before he could enter the Walland family. And they for generations had been recognized in the South and West as social equivalents,

if not leaders, of the upper class.

Lela, although a modern girl with modern ideas, would hold to the aristocratic ideas that Walland should never marry a man who was not of equal social rank—unless he was of some worth financially. At least that was Ralph's idea of how the thing would work out.

All the vitality in Ralph Le Bleu tugged at his heart. He felt as if he wanted to yawn, to stretch, to run a race. He hardly knew how to shake off the awesome feeling. It was awe inspired by a community leader who held the whip hand—Ike Walland.

RALPH rode slowly, watching his faint shadow, made by the feeble rays of the sun which were breaking through the smoke from the customary forest fires. He watched the liquidlike dust spread from his horse's ranch of his own accord and led along the private road and in the direction of the big

As he rode through the woods, Ralph noticed a sudden tightening of his muscles, an aching in his chest and tried to take his mind off his mission by noticing all the details of the place—but they were all too familiar al

ready.

Large drops of dew fell from the leaves of
the soft maples, connected with the moisture
on other leaves, and coming in contact with
the watery coating of still more leaves, continued to pour on the foliage below, and by
the time the spray was below the branches it
became a veritable patterning shower.

Pine squirrels, gathering their winter supply

of the maple seeds, darted away at the approach of Ralph's sorrel, and, scaling trees at safe distances, sent back daring challenges to the intruder.

As he came into sight of the Walland unch-house his mind whirled with uneasiness. He wished it were all over, yet he was afraid for it to be over.

He could picture Lela in her blue silk dress, delicate throat bare, the natural waves in her dark-brown hair, and her attracting smile, that made him just want to look at her forever,

made him just want to look at her rorever.

With prickly tinges gouging his spine he teached the orchard. There were the prune trees, loaded to their utmost with the now ripened fruit, the typical western Washington farm orchard: a mass of sod beneath the bended trees, which were little cared for, their south sides covered with moss and their selfpruning process exhibiting many dead branches about the large limbs.

HE saw the family car out in the front of the house, apparently ready to make a trip. He spurred up a little. His dread re-newed itself tenfold. His legs tensed. He could not ride naturally. And that's what he would most of all like to do.

(Continued on page 9)



# Lawless Range

Molly outwits Hector Kinsley and Quig breaks up a lynching party - but the outlaw vigilantes are still triumphant

# By Stephen Payne

THE STORY SO FAR:

ELKHORN Basin had been a peaceful community of small ranchowners for yearsthen overnight pandemonium broke out. A tancher was hanged to his own gate-post.
"This man deserved his fate," a note said, prinned to his body. It was signed "Vigilance Committee

A second, and a third rancher were hanged Others were warned to clear out of the district or suffer a like fate. Who were these vigilantes, and why were thy killing innocent men or driving them from their homes?

Those were the questions young Jim Quig-ley, a cowboy from Wyoming, was asking him-elf. He had come to Elkhorn Basin in respunse to a telegram from his friend, Nels Anderson. Quig arrived too late—to find Nels Anderson. Quig arrived too late—to find Nelshanged by the vigilantes, and his young son, Bud, an orphan. Quig arrived in time, however, to break up the lynching of old John Rockwell, the finest man in the district.

Next morning Quig met lovely Molly Mc-Next morning Quig met lovely Molly Mc-Millan. She was running her small ranch slone, fearful but determined to fight the voglantes. Her weakling brother, Norman, had received a warning from them and de-serted her. While Molly was giving Quig beasefast, Hector Kinsley rode up to her ranch, Kinsley was a newcomer to Elkhorn Basin—big and dominating; several times he look added. Mollor on wares him. had asked Molly to marry him.

"What is this vigilante doing in your kitch-Molly?" Kinsley demanded. He gave Ouis no time to question or explain; he tried to kill him. Quig escaped.

to kill him. Quig escaped.

Later in town, Quig was denounced by Hector Kinsley as a vigilante. He escaped lynching by the furious Elkhorn ranchers only
through the intervention of Sheriff Langford.

through the intervention of Sheriff Langtord. Molly was certain that Jim Quigley had been framed by Hector Kinsley. But why? The next morning, while Kinsley was sleep-ing, Molly crept into his room at the hotel and searched his pockets. The information she found proved that Kinsley himself was leader of the vigilantes, planning to drive every small ranch-owner out of the district and sezze every ranch for himself. But as soon as Molly reached her own room, Kinsley was at the door

I N her hands, Molly McMillan held evidence which would send Hector Kinsley and his henchmen to the gallows. Evidence which Kinsley would do murder in order to recover.

However, she would never give that evi-dence up. Swiftly she concealed the notes, the tablet and the wallet about her clothing while desperately looking for a means of es

cape.
"You, Molly!" snarled Kinsley's voice. "I
know you're in there. I know what you've But Molly was at the window, raising the lower sash. She was out of the window, hang-

ing to the sill with both hands. Crash! Kinsley had hurled his body against the door. The flimsy lock gave way. He pitched forward headlong into the room. Molly saw this. Then she dropped.

She landed squarely on her feet, sprinted along the alley and thence by other alleys to the livery stable. Of, if only she could be sure the livery stable. Of, if only she could be sure whom she might trust in this town, who would back her hand against Kinsley's. Flight was the thing now. If she could just win to the hills, and winning, find Quig!

Already she heard boots thumping on the plank aidewalk. Men coming on the run frantically she ran to the back part of the stable and reached the stall holding her own

pony, Patch. A wild thought flashed through pony, Patch. A wild thought flashed through her mind. Where could she hide those notes, the wallet, the tablet? She had to keep Kins-ley from getting them—if he caught her. The manger? No, that would be the first place Kinsley would look. Molly backed Patch out of the stall, leaped

on bareback. The evidence, all of it, was sud-denly in her right hand. She thought of a place to hide it, and as an amazed Patch shot out of the barn, Molly's right hand reached upward to place the tablet, the wallet and the enciled notes on the dusty cross-beam above the stable door.

Kinsley, one of his cowboys and Fred Tait satistey, one of his cowboys and Fred Tair had just popped around one corner of the stable. All three bounded forward to stop Patch. The agile little pony eluded them, however, dashed onward while Kinsley bel-lowed, "I'll get you!"

It seemed to Molly, fairly flying out of town to the sheltering hills of her own range-land, only a moment before the three men

were hot on her trail. The race was as swift as little Patch could make it, but it wasn't for long. Those fellows were riding far batter borses than Molli's pony.

want for long. I nose testows were riding far better horses than Molly's some weept and out of Elbanen, it can be a factor of the state of the state

The H K cowboy said: "It seems like I done right, boss, to tell yuh I seen her in

"You did, Flip," grated Kinsley. He glared at the girl. "Pretty clever, ain't you, missy? Where's that stuff you stole?"

Molly's knees were shaky. She knew her face was as white as paper. She said nothing, but her thought ran: "Here's a good time to try some feminine strategy." Then she pretended most realistically to go into a dead faint. Kinsley let her slide to the ground. He ripped out an oath, and growled to Tait:

"Tm satisfied the stuff ain't on her. Who's got it? Where is it? ... Got to My to the stuff ain't to see it never gets into Langford's hands. Those papers would expose me. They'd be my death warrant. Death warrant of a lot of us. This is just plain Lall!"

"I don't quite savvy, Chief," Fred Tait

returned.
"Damn it," raged Kinsley. "This hussy got in my room, picked my pockets—the thief. Tait, she found evidence that—Well, it'd be a bombshell that'd blow our scheme all to hell!"

He didn't seem to know just what he could do, and Molly, lifting her drawn eyelids the least fraction, enjoyed his baffled

confusion.

"Hey] Snap out of it?" shouted Kinsley, gripping her shoulder fareety.
"That's the way with women," he snarled. "They pass out on you just when you're trying to scare something out of 'em. Damn it all, something's got to be done. Boys, I'll hustle back to town, to look for that evidence, to answer questions from folks who might have seen this im.

usual race.
"I'll be watching everybody, and I believe if any man has got this stuff the girl stole I can tell it by the way he'll act.
How I wish I knew whether it was hidden or passed on. . . Well, you two fellers get the truth outs the girl, later, when she's come to her sense again. And listen, you're not to let her get away under any

"I'll send two more men out to help you, so there'll be enough of you to stop any rescue stuff. I'll have 'em bring the girl's saddle. Wait until after dark, then take her to Rustler Bill's barn—that stone stable in Ghost Hollow. I'll settle with the little hell-cat for this, about tomorrow night. Oh, but won't !!"

MEANWHILE, out in the hills, Jim Quigley was in a fine state, not knowing which way to turn nor what to do. So far he had eluded pursuit, but he had done nothing and could do nothing in the fight against the vigilantes. If only he could know who they were!

fight against the vigilantes. If only he could know who they were!

He thought of Molly and grashed his teeth with helpless arage. What was happening to her while he roamed the hills and did nothing? Suddenly he heard the "Yip-yip-yowle!" of a coyote, coming from the brush to his right. Instantly Quig's range-attuned ears detected a false note in that coyote's cry.

on that coyote's cry.

Quig flipped out his Colt, glancing here, there, everywhere. He was tense, alert, on guard, ready to run or to fight.

"Pard, don't shoot!" called a high-

pitched voice. "It's just me." And as though by magic, young Bud Anderson, in his floppy black har with the bullet hole through its crown, his checkered jumper and overly large overalls, appeared. Quig showed his gun back into its hols-

jumper and overly large overalls, appeared.

Quig shoved his gun back into its holster, feeling extremely foolish. "Where's your horse, kid?" he demanded gruffly. "What you doin' out here? Thought you were safe in Elkhorn."

were sate in Edition."

"Aw, don't be be led, carefully advancing. "I sin't no town jake, I told Molly will just couldn't go to Elikoren, an' I'll tell you if you want to listen. I've taken to the hills, I have. I'm ridn't the owl-hoot trail by my lonesome, I am. Yuh jear to be doin't be same thing. ... bay, come on back with me and meet oil.

"Away come on back with me and meet oil these visilantes, i'w eis in un toercher."

T-HE boy led the way on foce while Quig followed him up the fill with his bay horse. There they found old John Rockwell on top of a rock pile, using an ancient releasope to look about the country. When he sighted the two, the range veteran desemded from his look-cut with respective to the respective

intently at the cowboy, "Feller, you look all jake to me," he announced at length. "I wann't known't who the hell-bill II could rust for sare in could trust Molly an Bud, and now—Well, I'm transtone glad to see you, Quig, Bud's sold me you helped Molly out considering the same than you're the mysterious rannie that several my you're the mysterious rannie that several my "That was a kind of an accident," said

Quig. "I sure owe you plenty for that shootin', Quig. I got to thank you for it. Since then I been layin' low, but trying to cut sign on who is back of all this dirty work

Quig. 1 got to financy our rot it. Since trees on the property of the property

Rockwell shook his white head helplessly. "We're stumped all right as yet," he opined gloomily. "Let's separate. There'll be less danger of gettin' caught if each of us works alone. By coverin' diff' rent ground one of us may get a hot scent. See yon butte to the south? We'll meet in the brushy gully just under its west edge after dark tonight."

dark tought. The cowpuncher's forehead was creased in wortied thought. "I don't feel right about Bud ridin' all alone," he remarked. "Aw, heck," scoffed the kid, loftily. "The better at keepin' hid'n any man yuh ever seen. I'm a reg'lar linjun, I am."

ever seen. In a regular funity, I sim. No. 1 and the control tool, agreed of an Apache trailer. Rained right in these hills, montheress at these, buthinf ever since with his dad and shiftin' for himself. Rainin the roundays with the coubbys after he was size, after he could crawl a hoss with the roundays with the coubbys after he was size, after he could crawl a hoss with roundays with the coubbys after he was size, after he could crawl a hoss with roundays. I shall always a size of and the possible of the could be roundary to the could be roundary to the could be a size of the could be roundary to the roundary to the roundary to the roundary to rounda

(Continued on page 13)



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# Hours of Opportunity

# Radio's popular amateur programs are unlocking the mystic door to fame and fortune for many a talented beginner

Youth, for a long time, has been singing in doleful runes: "I-I-I-I Never Had a Chance!" Yet on every side of us do we see constant evidence to the contrary. In almost every field -in business, in education, in art-we find those already "arrived" lending a sincere hand to the youngster at the bottom.

There is the realm of radio and show business, for example. Consider the radio amateur hour today, dedicated solely to give a dignified opportunity to unknown talent. Then look back a generation ago, when all a budding vaudeville genius got for his pains was an

overly ripe tomato or a hook in the neck.

Station WHN in New York inaugurated the original Tuesday night Amateur Hour on March 28, 1934, just a year and a half ago. That hour, with the genial and kindly Major Inat nour, with the genial and kindly Major Bowes as its guiding spirit, has brought recog-nition to a great number of young artists; it has given a real chance to many thousands. Today, with Jay Flippen as its master of cere-monies, it is still the favorite Tuesday night entertainment for many thousands of families

entertainment for many thousands of families in the metropolitan New York district. Anna Anderson, who now sings on the Sunday morning program of the Capitol fam-ily, was a WHN amateur winner; Joe Mar-11y, was a WHM amateur winner; Joe Mar-tin, another winner, is now playing all over the country on the Loew circuit with marked success and dreams of glory in the future; Nancy Clancy has been on the regular staff of WHN artists ever since her success on an

amateur hour many months ago.

Winners of Major Bowes' Sunday night amateur hour and of Fred Allen's Town Hall hour are given the later opportunity of tour-ing the country in vaudeville units.

To hear the stories of individual amateur

success is to believe again the story of Cin-

There was lovely Doris Wester, for example, the eighteen-year-old girl who sang on one of Major Bowes' programs. One of the executives of Rockefeller Center was listening in that night-the result was that Miss Wester soon became a featured soloist with Ray No-

soon became a reatured soloist with Kay No-ble's orchestra in the Rainbow Room. On one of Fred Allen's Town Hall pro-grams, a simple, white-haired man got up to sing. His name was David Hughes; he had sing. Fits hame was David Flugnes; he had worked in the quarries in Vermont, he was the father of six children. There was no work in the quarries, and the family was living on relief. Friends and neighbors chipped in to pay his carfare to New York because they loved his voice. So did everybody who listened in to

that amateur hour. "He won by an over whelming vote. As a winner, he was booked for a week at the Roxy Theatre in New York, at a substantial salary. He lived in luxury at the Roosevelt Hotel. One Saturday night, he had been living on a meagre relief pittance; the very next Saturday he was a sensation in New York, with people crowding around ask-ing him for his autograph.

But for that amateur program, David Hughes would probably still be an unemployed quarry worker, living on relief. Today he is touring the country in a vaudeville circuit. Recently, when Uncle Jim Harkins was mas-ter of ceremonies on the Town Hall program, a young Italian girl came for an audition. She was only seventeen. She was given an audition before the regular program, as are all amateurs. Uncle Jim was astounded at the beauty of her voice. He called up some wealthy friends of her voice. He called up some wearup trients and asked them to listen in to the Town Hall program that night. So delighted were the friends with the voice of this young girl, that the very next day they offered to finance her studies for grand opera. A girl—young, unknown, poor, one week—the next week, being prepared for the Metropolitan opera — for fame and fortune and romance.

(Continued on page 18)



Above: The first Town Hall unit of wh on tour is greeted on the steps of the State Capitol at Concord, N. H., by Governor Bridges (third from left), The white-halred man in the center of the group is David Hughes, Vermont quarry-worker.

Top of page: Major Bowes (center of pic-ture) with a typical Sunday night group of



Above: Free Allen and Portland Hoffa of Above: Free Alien and Portinue Home of the Town Hall program bring spice and good humor (though Fred Alien doesn't look it) to a spiendid amateur hour.

Left: Uncle Jim Harkins of the Town Hall hour with two recent winners: Jean Rowe, stenographer, and Yvonne Jafme, who won top honors for singing the blues.

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GENTLEWOMAN MAGAZINE 154 West 14th Street, New York



# MAKE-IID IS AN ART

Miriam Hopkins, starring in the new color production, "Becky Sharp," reminds us of the importance of natural beauty

BY CLAIRE COURTNEY

With the filming of the all-technicolor motion picture, "Becky Sharp," a new note in cosmetics has been struck. With the camera picking up actual colorings, down to the last detail, there can be no more "theatrical" make-up used to make beau-

try where it is not.

Eyes too heavy with mascara might have looked subtly shadowed in the blackand-white film, but in natural color they would look coarse and garish, as they are. Lips outlined in carmine stand out by con-trast in black-and-white photography, but in natural color the actress who is richly rouged will look artificial rather than

artistic.
"In Becky Sharp," says Miriam Hop-kins, who plays the title role, "you will see the players in natural color, as they appear in real life, with the enhancement of make-up applied by skilled artists. Notice the natural and charming effects achieved. Every woman can achieve this same natural effect for herself by working patiently in front of a mirror with a good strong light."

course, daylight is the perfect light by which we can see our make-up as it really is. Under the harsh, pitiless light of day, our skin stands out in all its beauty —or in all its defects, as the case may be. If our powder does not blend with our skin coloring, daylight will reveal the fact to us; if our rouge is too orange in shade, or too purple, by daylight we can discover the error.

Nature, Miss Hopkins points out, is the most skillful make-up artist in the world. If, however, she has failed to darken our eyebrows and lashes sufficiently, then we can augment her work—but only if we follow the color scheme she has out lined. Face powder should always be blended to match one's skin tone. In order to ed to match one's skin tone. In order to get the right shade of rouge, rub the cheeks vigorously with a piece of ice to bring the color to the surface, then match that color. Lip rouge should be a shade brighter than the tone used on the cheeks.

In accenting the eyelashes and brows, one should be careful about making sharp contrasts. There is no beauty, for example, in black brows and lashes with very blonde

hair. There are varying shades of brown for the fair-haired person.

No item of make-up should be obvious Neither the eyes, lips nor cheeks should strike the eye individually, but the entire make-up ensemble should be like a lovely picture with no sharp divisions.

Take a lesson from Becky Sharp, Miss Hopkins advises. In the early nineteenth century, the day of Becky Sharp, cosmetics were horrible and sinful. Women who used them indiscreetly were ostracized. But beposite sex in that day as in this, there were girls who took the daring and desperate

And Becky Sharp, the heroine of Thackeray's famous Vanity Fair, was one who took the chance. For her own reasons, Becky wanted to attract men. She used every device that came to her hand to make herself more attractive, more alluring than she already was. She used cosmetics-but Becky was an artist.

Behind the locked door of her drab

little room, Becky applied her rouge. She used a rabbit's foot, for there were none of the helpful aids to beauty that we of the helpful aids to beauty that we have today. But with that rabbit's foot, Becky Sharp did a far more artistic job than do most of her more modern sisters today, with all their scientific equipment

and limitless variety of cosmetics.

Becky knew that harmony is the keynote for good make-up. A glaring, vivid make-up terrifies a man. There is nothing he so abhors as shrieking artificiality on the face of the woman of his desires. Rouge smeared on until it stands out like a setsmeared on until it stands our like a set-ting sun on a sea of grease—vampire lips that looks as if they were streaked with a paintbrush—eyes so heavily shaded with green and purple that they look like the shadows of Doorsday—all these accents of artificiality are vulgar and repellant.

Make-up that is obvious and overdone is for the foolish woman—the amateur; it will frighten away the very admirers she hopes to attract. But make-up that is ar-tistic — well, take a lesson from Becky Sharp. When it came to attracting the opposite sex, Becky knew her onions . . . and her cosmetics

# Fighting Spirit (Continued from page 3)

He noticed the large, comfortable chairs on the porch, heard the radio through the window, and noticed a movement of the hammock in the lawn under the large firs, It was Lela!

She came running to him in all her beauty. He dismounted and took her in his some

his arms.
"Tee got an idea, big boy," she said holding onto his hand, "you and I will stay at home and not go with the folks to church to-day. I'd like to just have you alone." Her large, brown lashes fell over

alone." Her large, brown lashes fell over her frank, innoent eyes.
"Just what I want, too," affirmed Ralph, hitching his trousers awkwardly and feel-ing less of the twitching dread, "because." "Because why?" she asked, urging him to finish and smiling beautifully.
"You know your folks don't have the same ideas of life as ... as ... as we have the same ideas of life as ... as ... as we have the same ideas of life as ... as ... as ... as we have the same ideas of life as ... as ...

quired with a puzzled glance as they sat together in the hammock, apparently together in the hammock, apparently afraid it had to do with something that would distract their close relationship, which had existed since they were very small children.

UST then Isaac Walland led the procession of the family out the door and toward the car.

"I'll not go to-day, Daddy," smiled Lela

pleasantly. Walland stopped suddenly when he saw his daughter's attitude. It seemed to be a signal for him to let off steam. He point-ed a finger at his nineteen-year-old daugh-

"Lela, do you mean to throw yourself yay? Do you mean to ignore all the cusaway? toms of the Wallands? Do you aim to fall beneath your standing? Do you intend to throw yourself away on somebody who isn't worth enough to support you? who isn't worth chough to support your Have you lost your mind entirely? Don't you know that the Wallands have always been people of wealth?" he asked menac-ingly. Then suddenly he stopped and dropped his head only to continue in a tone that might have been interpreted to carry the quality of potential apology.

"Of course, I don't know anything abour Ralph that would make him objectionable, except that he could never keep you in the luxuries that you are used to you in the luxures that you are used to and that he hasn't, having no mother, had the opportunities of being brought up in the highest refinement. Those are the things to think about, Lela. You should have a man who is a fighter, a business man, a man with mettle. A fighter! A man who's hard to lick."

"Oh, Daddy, please." And Lela burst into tears at her father's oration, intended

to be a lesson for Ralph.

Ralph sat stiff-backed and stared into the face of Isaac Walland. Walland turned and walked toward his approaching wife, taking her back to the car. Ralph con-tinued to stare at the social and financial king of Klickitat prairie. His blue eyes KING OF KIICKHAI PRAITIE. His blue eyes brightened, his brow wrinkled, his face showed determination. He put an arm about Lela as if to protect her. Then he was angry at himself for not saying anything to Walland.

THE family drove away. Ralph's hand fell from Lela's shoulder as she arose

fell from Lela's shoulder as she arose and went out on the grass, where the sun's faint rays brightened the closely clipped lawn, and pitched on a small rug, sobbing. Ralph sar dazed, puzzled, and angered. His question was answered. He had not had the opportunity to even put the question to the raving Walland. He had not

(Continued on page 11)



ed by professional s

# MEN WOULDN' LOOK AT ME

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# Slim-Sleek-Secure

Thus we characterize the new Fall clothes. The newer lines continue to slenderize; skirts are a little shorter, and there is more fullness in front. Clothes in general are better in tone because women have tired of shoddy cheapness and come to realize that quality material and good workmanship make for economy in the long run.



G-2381. Simplicity and dignity mark this all-occasion dress. It is shown in lark green corded celaniese crepe for an early Fall dress; it is equally smart in sheer woolens. The front panel is slenderizing, and graduates out toward the bottom to provide the new front skirt fullness.

Designed for sizes 12 to 20 years, 30 to 42 inches bust. Size 16 requires 4 yards of 39-inch material.

G-2315. The shirt-waist type dress continues to be an all-important number. In this style we have the new back fullness, which provides ample room and comfort in motion. Thus for housework, for gardening, for golf, this is a splendid model.

Designed for sizes 34 to 46 inches bust. Size 36 requires 43/8 yards of 36-nch material.

G-9513. All young girls love button-down-the-front dresses. They're easy to get in and out of, easy to launder and easy to make. The shoulder fullness from under the deep yoke is a good idea for a young girl's dress because it is graceful and flattering to the growing child inclined to be all angles.

Designed for sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 2<sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub> yards of 36-inch material.



# Fighting Spirit (Continued from page 9)

said a word. The situation was even we than he had anticipated. He crossed to the sobbing girl.
"Lela," he said soothingly.

"Oh, I love you so, Ralph, and Daddy

on, I love you so, raipn, and Daddy
... oh, he's so ... unreasonable. You'd
make a living for us, wouldn't you?"
"I wouldn't ask him for a dime, I'm sure
of that," Ralph snapped firmly. He sat
staring at his checkered socks—seeing noth-Some people were born rich. They ing. think no one else is any good. A fellow had to have prominently social parents or be rich to get a start in the world, it seemed. "A man must have fight in him!" Walland had said.

alland had said.
"I knew this was coming," announced Lela, breaking the silence. "I heard him and mother talking the matter over the other night when they thought I was asleep. He said you wouldn't make anything with that old threshing outfit you bought. He said that Del McDermid would break you said that Del McDermid would break you and that all the threshing in the neighbor-hood that you could get would not make you two thousand dollars and if you did it would take most of it to pay for the machine. He thinks that Del is the best machine. He thinks that Del is the best thresher—that is, he has the best outfit— in the Cowlitz country. He expects to pay close to three thousand dollars for having our wheat and oats threshed, but of course, Del'll get that," Lela finished

hopelessly. "I don't know about that, Lela. You know the custom here with the farmers is that the first man to set his machine on the ranch virtually has the job—of course, he has to thresh out all the grain on his road. A thresher can't pass up a place. He must take it as it comes and the first man to get the bigger jobs is the one who threshes out his lane of farmers and arrives and set his machine. I've been pro-gressing. I'm really a little ahead of Mc-Dermid now.

"You know I've got 'Hoky' on the separator. You know him, the old stoop-shouldered fellow the boys call Hoky be-cause he's always saying 'by Hoky'. Mc-Dermid fired him last year for going to get a drink while the machine was running and it happened that a rock went through the cylinder while Hoky was off the machine

"Yes. I've heard Daddy say Hoky was a fine separator man. He's got the kind-est blue eyes," she said enthusiastically.

est blue eyes, she said enthussascically. Then wrinkling het brows in thought, het face lit up with enthusiasm again.

"Listen, Ralph, I have an idea. Why not put the proposition up to Daddy that you thresh his grain. That would give us enough money to start on . . . "
"No," interrupted Ralph. "I won't ask
him for the job. I'll take it if I can beat

Del McDermid to it, but if I can't I'll lose

"That's the boy," said Lela, holding Ralph's coat lapels and looking into his de-termined face. "Go after it. It's not the termined face. "Coo after it, It's not the size of the dog in the fight, it's the size of the fight in the dog that wins." Ralph smiled. There was one who had faith in him. He'd prove her faith, too. "How could I help fighting when I have a girl like you standing by me like that?"

he smiled. "Good. If Daddy sees that you can beat a man like McDermid fairly, it surely

will make a difference with him. will make a difference with him."
"It should make a difference, although
I don't think he'll ever change his mind
about me. I don't think he'd ever want
you to marry me, Lela," Ralph countered.
And, like all lovers, he did not entertain
any idea of giving up his fiancee. "Got
to fight, eh?" he quoted mentally. "If
that old machine'll hang together I'll show
him a fish?" him a fight."

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"Why not go and get married anyhow and let aristocracy take care of itself?" he asked unintentionally, the question being one of his thoughts which he uttered

aloud.
"I could, of course, Ralph. But that would ruin his life. He would never forgive me. I love you more than I could ever love anyone else in the world," tears came into her wide, innocent eyes. She put an arm around the stalwart Ralph and with the other hand wiped her cheek with her handkerchief.

"I'd hate to ruin my life . . . and, . . . and, yours, but I'd do it before I'd ruin the life of my parents . . . Listen, Ralph," she said after a slight hesitation. "Would

Daddy have to give you the job of thresh-ing if you did set first at the stocks?"
"Well, nobody has ever turned down a man who had set at his place first. That is a matter in which there is a lot of prin-ciple involved. A man must have his enof the grain is held virtually to grant him the job. It would take a low-principled

the job. It would take a low-principleu man to turn one down."

"Then, Daddy wouldn't turn you down, for he's strong on principle. I think your idea is keen," she said, gathering both his hands in hers, "then we could get married nanus in ners, then we could get married as soon as the threshing is over. Oh, boy, and you'd be earning your money from Dad, too! He has a great admiration for Dad, too: Fie has a great admiration for a man who is persistent enough to hold his own. I'm sure that would win Daddy."
Ralph nodded. "Well, I've got work to do. I'll go now," he said, mounting to go.

After he was out of sight of the Wal-land ranch Ralph slowed his pony and meditated. "It's not the size of the dog meditated. "It's not the size of the dog in the fight; it's the size of the fight in the dog that wins," he recalled her words and smiled. By Jove, there was a lot to the meaning of that.

T HE next afternoon, Ralph Le Bleu, standing at the throttle of the old standing at the throttle of the old thirty-hore-power steam tractor and watch-ing his old separator swallow up the bundles of-wheat, smiled as he saw his feeder man cut the binds and spread the bundles so as not to "choke" the machine. He showed in another stick of pitchy fir and looked at the steam gauge, then at his watch. It was then two o'clock in the

atternoon.

Old Hoky, the separator man, flagged down the power. Ralph smiled again, showing an uneven, but comely, row of white teeth. He surveyed the adjoining farm to see if Del McDermid had finished the crop there. Ralph's face now showed eagerness. McDermid's machine was running at full speed. The blower was running at full speed. I he blower sent out a fog of chaff that told Ralph that the elevator of Mac's machine was being kept full. He threw his shoulder against the belt; it fell from the fly-wheel; he caught the reverse lever in one hand and the throttle in the other. Then he called to his men:
"Hook on the trailers, boys.

going to have a race for Walland's ranch.
Mac is about done. Get the water wagon
ahead. Have wood at the bridge. I'm
going to bal the steel. Be ready to heave

on the hauser' if necessary."

"And, boy, howdy! If you don't beat that greedy hombre it won't be our fault," shouted one of the men eagerly, shaping the outfit to move

RALPH LE BLEU's men flew at their work in a harmonious way and showed their good will toward their employer by saving all the time possible. Ralph blew saving all the time possible. Ralph blew his whistle, which was customary when an outfit had finished a job of threshing. Although he dreaded to do it just at that time, for he had a feeling of just what would happen. He started his machine, trailing the separator and several wagons.
(Continued on page 14)

# THE GENTLEWO

Conducted by



# For the S

It is not enough to give the child af - the box lunch should be prepared and vitamins and body-building food afternoon

The suggestions below were planned for the child who must carry his Junch to school. The foods are simple, economical and nutritious. There are many reasons fix giving the different foods names. For the child who is inclined to be shy and lonely eating away from home, thus novelty ideas in lunch foods take his mind off himself and give him an unusual idea to share with the other children The mother can make each lunch a "surprise," placing The mother can make each lund a "imprise," placing a card naming the sandwiches on top, for the châld to read when he opens the lunds. That such echâld so read when he opens the lunds. That such châld's lunch hour is changed from an unhappy period, during which digestian with perfect digestion and a cheef lun and happing, with perfect digestion and a cheef of the man opportunity to saip healthful foods into the lunch which the châld might echerwise scorn. A plain spinach sandwid, for example, would be a heror to a châld, but a "Humpp Dumppy" sandwich would tempt his appetite.

Humpty-Dumpty Sandwich (If Humpty-Dumpty had eaten plenty of spinach to make him strong, he would never have broken to pieces when he fell off the wall.)

1 cup cooked, chopped spinach 1 hard-boiled egg

Mayonnaise Mayonnaise
Chop up egg, mix with spinach, add sufficient mayonnaise
to moisten. Season to taste. Spread mixture on white bread,
and cut with oval cookie-cutter, in an egg, or Humpy-Dumpty, shape. This makes two sandwiches.

#### Vitamin Stars

(Stars are given to good pupils; mothers can also awal stars in the lunch box for special occasions, enriching the sandwiches with raw regetables.)

I cup chopped raw cabbage I raw carrot, grated Mayonnaise

Chop cabbage, run carrot through food chopper, mix to gether, add pinch of salt and mayonnaise to moisten. Spreed on white bread, cut with star-shaped cookie-cutter. (This is sufficient for two large sandwiches.)

Other raw-vegetable combinations may be used: Choppel celery and cabbage; chopped cabbage and chopped leftow meat; chopped celery and chopped hard-boiled egg; choppel cabbage, egg and parsley.

Woman-in-the-Shoe Sandwiches (The old woman who lived in a shoe had so many children that she could never have had time to put up lunch boxes for them each morning. Here are some healthful sandwich fillings which may be put up in advance and kept in the refrigerator from Monday to Friday.)

Mix ingredients together, moisten well with mayonnaise to keep mixture from drying, and place in tightly-covered jar in refrigerator.

Chopped cabbage and carrot Chopped leftover meat and cabbage Tuna fish and chopped celery Tuna fish and chopped pepper Chopped chicken and celery Leftover chopped vegetables Chopped prunes and honey Chopped chicken and vegetable Deviled ham and relish



# MAN INSTITUTE

Mrs. Margery Boling

# chool Lunch

ew sandwiches "just to fill him up" wisely, with a thought to minerals s-the result is an alert, intelligent scholar

### Old Mother Hubbard Sandwich

(When the cupboard is bare, let it be remembered that any number of tasty sandwiches may be made with eggs-and eggs are bountiful in nutrition.)

2 hard-boiled eggs Mayonnaise

1/4 teaspoon celery salt
Chop eggs, add celery salt and mayonnaise to moisten; spread
on white or graham bread. (Sufficient for 2 sandwiches.)

## **Buster Brown Sandwiches**

(There could be no more perfectly balanced lunch than bran read with chopped vegetables. Any leftover vegetables may be used, cooked or raw, moistened with mayonnaise. Here is a simple recipe for home-made bran bread: 11/2 cups flour

- 3 teaspoons baking powder
- 1/2 cup sugar
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 1 cup milk 3 tablespoons molasses

- 3 tablespoons molasses
  1½ cups whole bran
  1 egg, beaten
  4 tablespoons melted butter
  1 cup raisins or chopped dates,
- if desired.

Sift flour, baking powder, sugar and saft. Add raisins or dates. Mix milk and molasses, add beaten egg and pour this mixture over bran. Stir well, then add to flour mixture. Mix thoroughly, and add melted butter. Bake in greased leaf pan in moderate oven about one hour.

#### Sinbad the Sailor Sandwich

(Canned salmon is a splendid health food-it contains iodine, minerals, and plenty of Vitamin D to prevent colds. Little boys who eat plenty of fish grow up to be strong as fishermen.)

1/4 cup canned salmo 1 tablespoon chopped celery . 1 tablespoon chopped cabbage

Few drops lemon juice ombine salmon, celery and cabbage and add lemon juice. Moisten with mayonnaise. Spread on buttered white, rye or whole wheat bread. (Sufficient for one sandwich.)

# Every lunch box should have dessert-a piece of fresh fruit

is best of all. Oatmeal, bran or raisin cookies are good. If the child cannot get milk for lunch at school, a cup custard, put in a small mayonnaise or other glass jar with a tight lid, is splendid. Apple sauce or chopped prunes or a fruit whip may be taken for lunch in the

same way. Gelatin desserts, with chopped fruits, may easily be carried in a glass jar.

#### Treasure Chest

On very special occasions, the ordinary hinch box may be transformed into an interesting "treasure chest" by the addition of special surprises: a ginger-bread-man cookie; a piece of maple sugar; stuffed dates or figs; marshmallows, or plain sugar candy such as peppermint wafers. Lawless Range

LaWless Kange

"Conditioned from page 3

"Conditioned from page 4

"Conditioned from page 4

squaring his thin shoulder. Now, pards, 111 ride close herd on the Flyin' M today, where Kindly yan Doug at "Shegill be layin' fer yuh. They'll flegger yuh want to where Kindly yan Doug at "Shegill be layin' fer yuh. They'll flegger yuh want to see Molly. Kerect, aniv' tiz'' with a gini. Quig watched the lad vanish into the brush. "He's sure some kid, John." You know til' The range verterani."

"You know til' The range verterani."

"You know til' The range verterani."

make 'em. Hardly a whimper outa him 'bout his dad. Yet how he does feel it!" The old man's voice softened and he estated a minute. When he spoke again,

hesitated a minute. When he spoke again, however, his words were sharp. "This is what I'm planning, Quig," he said. "I'm goin' to gather up a few ranch-ers I've known all my life—and if I can't trust them, God knows who I can trust. We'll get together a crowd that will match up against these vigilantes two to one, and we'll be ready just as soon as we know where to strike."
"How'll we ever know that?" Quig

asked despairingly.

"Something'll turn up ... wouldn't be surprised if Bud don't ferret some news out pretty soon." Rockwell's tone sug-gested his hope rather than belief, yet it was soon to develop that his words were

"Anyhow," he added, going for his horse, "I'll get along and we'll meet tomor-row night below that butte-Black Butte, row mgnt below that butte.—Base Bases, it's called. The best you can do, Quig, is to keep out of sight until we're organized." The old man rode off, and Quig turned

away alone, gloomily.

"Keep out of sight," he muttered.
"Damn fine help I seem to be on this range. Useless as a bedbug. The sheriff trusts me but I can't go to town to tie up with him because I'm an outlaw in the eyes of all Elkhorn. There's Molly-alone - and I can't go to her. Wonder what she thinks of me now. Gosh, I'd like mighty much to see her . . . she's the sweetest, the dearest . . ." He began to day dream, and plan out a way to see Molly that very night.

Young Bud Anderson was spying from the security of scrub-oak brush on a hillside overlooking the Flying M. It was mid-afternoon. Not a cloud was

It was mu-arternoon. Not a croud was in the sky. All the vast rough world seemed tranquil and at peace. The boy seemed the only thing not in tune with the peace of his surroundings. Now that he was alone with his thoughts, he did not try so hard to control his emotions. Tears welled in his eyes, and occasionally when they threatened to cloud his vision, he stopped them with a doubled, grimy fist. "If only I could shoot me a vigilante," he would murmur, "only one—the one as dropped the noose 'round my dad's neck."

And then the tears would flow again, marking a path down his dusty cheeks.

Two riders were just drawing up to the Flying M. Bud's eyes narrowed savagely when he saw them. Doug and Shag Wade.

A man came out of the house to greet them; it was "Moocher" Ed, a well-known saloon bum from Elkhorn. Later in the afternoon, Ralph Hempel, gangling, ewe-necked, solemn, came riding in, evidently from town, and Bud stiffened to attention. On the still, clear air he

heard voices,

"To, Hempel," greeted Moocher Ed.
"How's every li'l thing?"
"Fine for us," announced Hempel. "Elkhorns stampeded. Ranchers are sellin' out by the minute." Then he lowered his voice so that Bud scarcely caught the words: "Masks. T'night at eleven, 3 X L." (Continued on page 16)

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# STITCHCRAFT



What housewife has not longed for a rich lace tablecloth for those very special occasions — Thanksgiving dinner, Mary Ann's engagement announcement party, or her golden anniversary? We all have. A hand-crocheted tablecloth is a priceless luxury—an heirloom, to be handed down rom one generation to the next.

This one is very simple, in spite of its

regal appearance on the table. It is made of string, which will wash and wear and last forever. The design is a beautiful one, inspired by some choice old Italian lace, but very easy to do. It merely repeats one square after another, and joins them to-gether. However, because of the oval workmanship, there is no sense of monotony or repetition, because the squares blend beautifully into a seemingly allover design

Each motif is about six inches after one or two have been finished, the design can readily be memorized, so that makes convenient pick-up work.

For those less ambitious, there are smallitems which can be worked instead of a huge dinner cloth—scarfs in this design are lovely, so are luncheon or vanity sets,

pillow tops, etc. We particularly like the cross-stitch fruit design for the decorating touches they suggest in the kitchen and breakfast Tea towels, of course. And wall pictures, framed with bright red or green or blue frames, for the breakfast nook. Table

> The designs are striking silhouetted in black on white linen, but fascinating when worked in the natural gay colors of the various fruits. As gifts for autumn church

bazaars, or for a needlework rable at the September county fair, the fruit motifs make interesting individual items.

Wall pictures are very popular the only real expense is for the frame, which may be ob-tained in the ten-cent store. The pictures sell easily for fifty or venty-five cents. One fruit motif is used for each picture.

For dining room pictures, the fruit design is striking on black sateen, worked in natural color eirher with silk floss or woolen yarn.

Moreover, these cross-stitch motifs are very simple to do. We can easily finish one design in an evening,

runners, or tray mats.

The group includes seven motifs, each one averaging 41/2 by 8 inches.

1027. Luscious fruits in cross and gay colors dress up kitchen towels

## Fighting Spirit (Continued from page 12)

behind. Hoky took care of the steam while they were on the road, saving every pound he could.

It being customary in the Cowlitz country among farmers to give the job of threshing to the first man who set an outfit on their ranches, made the matter a fight between the two threshermen. The Walland ranch was the largest in the country. All outfirs tried to win that contract. Isaac Walland bad let it be known that his grain was ready to threshed. That was all he had to do. Now, Del McDermid and Ralph Le.

Bleu had kept within tradition of the community, cleaning up everything—so

Ralph took the road with a swing that just missed the gate post with his rear trailer by an inch. He looked at the com-peting thresher. McDermid had shut down and there were several wagons loaded

down and there were several wagous lowers with untbreshed grain about the separator. Hoky, the bewhiskered hunchback, un-derstood. Hoky's experience with such men had, in his fifty-five years, shocked his meager confidence in men. He would not trust a bank with his money. Nor would he trust any man until the man had proved himself honest to Hoky. He caught his beard in his hand and leaned his warped body against the tender of the old tractor. On his face was a look of disgust an danger combined.

"Derned coyote's quittin' Tucker cold. He's leavin' wheat right on the grounds. By Hoky, he's goin'ta try to beat you to Walland's, all right, Ralph." Old Hoky crammed more wood into the furnace as

perspiration dripped from his honest face, "Surely he wouldn't leave wheat right on the wagons," Ralph said as he turned

on the wagons, rangu sand as he tolling onto the highway. "Yuh don't know that skunk, Ralph. He'd eat the butter off'n a sick baby's bread, an' then take the bread." Hoky's blue eyes opened wider as he watched the other outfit. "Lookit that! Tucker's tryin to get him to thresh the rest of the grain . . he hit Tucker, smack in the

an he . . he hit lucker, smack in the face! Give 'er the gun, Ralph. Let's beat the greedy Scrooge." Ralph pulled open the throttle of the old machine a little more as he lined out on the graveled road.

was necessary to go around the Walland farm in order to enter the thresl ing stand because of a creek; and a bridge had to be crossed

'If we can beat him to the road turnin' off to the ranch we'll keep 'im behind us, 'cause he can't pass us easy on that trail," suggested Hoky.
Ralph kept his side of the road and kept his throttle as widely open as he dared

strain the old steam engine.

The big machine drew up beside them. Its whistle blew a shriek of victory upon overtaking the smaller outfit. They ran neck and neck for awhile. Ralph, now They ran giving all the steam that his cylinders would take, saw the futility of a race on hard road with such a piratical looking engine. He slowed a little as the big machine swung toward him, threatening to

chine swung toward him, threatening to drive him into the ditch. McDermid pulled on past him into the middle of the road. Ralph kept close be-hind, looking for a break of some sort. His heart was in his throat. All his hopes it seemed were dashed.

But breaks came in the threshing game. There might be a chance.

Ralph thought of how Lela's face lit up Raiph thought or now Leta's race in up when she saw that it was possible for him to win the set on her father's place. He thought of the sneer that would be on Walland's face when he failed to beat the (Continued on page 19)

Needlework patterns, including detail of stitches, instructions for stamping, color layouts and charts, are ten cents per set. Order from Needlework Dept., Gentlewoman Magazine, 154 West 14th St., New York, N. Y.



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—Mrs. A. N. M., Pa.

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Lawless Range

(Continued from page 13)

Bud's jaw jutted forward. His eyes glowed: "Masks! T'night. 3 X L" he whispered fiercely. "That's whar Tom Brooks lives

AS quietly as he could, Bud backed out of the brush, to where his pony wait-ed. Speedily and without sound, he rode away. All the jagged skyline to westward was gold and saffron with the flaming banners of sunset. But darkness was on the

land by the time he located Jim Quigley at the Black Butte.
"Hi, pard," Bud called, bursting with suppressed excitement. "Whar's of John? Say, I shore am onto somethin'. You and me and John is goin' to round up and rope and hogtie a bunch of them killers

t'night."
Quig's eyes, which had been somber. lighted with anticipation as he listened to what Bud had learned. "By jiminy, son—I mean pard-I got to hand it to you. Like mean pard—1 got to the Rockwell said, you're better'n any man at scoutin'. However, Rockwell's gone, and-'Gone? Gone where?'

"The old warrior decided he was goin to talk to some of the other old-timers he was dead sure just couldn't be members of this vigilante gang. Goin' to get a bunch together. Great guns! I wish we had him and his bunch now.

'Anyhow, the two of us'll shore throw

a horner's nest in among them hombers at the 3 X L," the kid stated. Quig scratched his stubbled chin thoughtfully. He looked at the eager boy with sympathetic understanding, knowing his words would smother the eager light in Bud's eyes. "Pard, the way I see this, one or the other of us has just got to get Sheriff Langford and Marston."

"Huh? Ain't just us two a-plenty?" "No," said Quig. Then, carefully avoid-ing telling the kid that he simply would not permit him to get into a gun fight against heavy odds if he could help it, the cowboy gave good reasons why Langford must be found. "He may be in Elkhorn . . . but you must get hold of him, Bud—

you know these trails, and I don't-"
"But you'll be ridin' to the 3 X L?" Bud's lower lip was quivering. How he longed to get into a real scrap!

Yes, to ride herd on the ranch and try to save Tom Brooks, even though you and the sheriff fail to show up. Now like a good scout, Bud, you find Langford. But first tell me how to locate the 3 X L."

HEAVY of heart, downcast and gloomy indeed, Bud Anderson left his pard. However, he still had hope of being in on this business at the 3 X L if only he

could locate Langford.

He rode fast across the starlit hills, though cautiously. He headed straight for Elkhorn in the hope that the sheriff still

would be there.
"B'golly," the boy muttered to himself,
"I can't fall down on Quig. I must get help for him!"

What a chance this was to round up some of the killers—the vigilantes! His calico pony topped a ridge and was reined in abruptly while Bud listened. Unmistakably came the cloppity-clop of hoofs. Horses moving along the deep valley be-low him. He listened to discover the direction in which the party was moving; then he and his calico pony drifted slowly, cautiously, down the brushy slope.

Presently the pony was tied to one bush and Bud lay behind another at some distence from the calico. He was watching a cow trail which followed the valley. The horsemen were coming, several of them travelling south, away from Elkhorn. Si-lently, save for the clop of hoofs, the squeak of leather, the slight rattle of bits d spurs, they came nearer and nearer. Now they were abreast of the kid. He strained his eyes in the darkness, trying to

distinguish faces and forms Two men rode ahead of the others, Bud did not know them. They came abreast of him, passed. A third man leading a or him, passed. A third man leading a horse swung along. Bud knew him — Fred Tait. And riding the led horse was —Bud almost betrayed his presence by a shout—the rider was Molly McMillan, tied to her saddle.

Molly's mount passed the hiding boy and another man brought up the rear. Four men, with Molly a prisoner! Bud's knuckles whitened as he gripped his rifle. Could he, alone, hold up those four snakes? He knew he couldn't. And he didn't dare risk it. They might even kill Molly.

Twould be wiser to lie low, at least for the time being. But he had to find out where they were taking Molly. If she were going to be . . . he dared not even think the word, but through his mind there passed the picture of the vigilantes' noose. Bud gnashed his teeth in fear and anger. If he followed these men with Molly, that would leave Quig all alone at the 3 X L. But at least Quig would have a chance.

Molly was a pris The small cavalcade was going on up the narrow valley. Soon a little calico pony was trailing along after it. Bud Anderson, who could ride trails like an Apache Indian, was on the job.

JAGGED mountain peaks, aloof and somber in the starlight, frowned down upon the 3 X L ranch that night when Jim Quigley approached the place. Rather than take chances of riding up along the open valley or on top of the hill where he might be sky-lighted, Quig kept to a brushy side hill.

Soon, in plain sight of him, a man rode quietly down the valley and stood there motionless on his horse. A tall, lean man, wearing a black hat and a black mask, he turned his head toward the aspens which concealed Quig and listened attentively. Apparently he was satisfied that

treely. Apparently ne was sausned that nothing moved there.

A muffled plod of hoofs announced the approach of "human coyote" Number Two. When within a hundred feet of the tall rider this fellow called: "Is your noose empty?"
"Full," came the instantaneous res

"Full," came the instantaneous response.
"Welcome, vigilante," said Coyote Number Two, and rode forward.
Quig's mind echoed the words. "Is

your noose empty? . . . Full . . Welcome, wigilante." So that was the countersign. He waited to hear no more. He kney the countersign; he would get himself a mask from one of these. But he must do it without firing a shot to warn the others. His Colt, in his left hand, he leaped his horse out of the aspens.

his horse out of the aspens.
"Keep'em covered, men," he shouted as
though speaking to riders behind him.
"Grab the sky, you buzzardd!"
But Quig's plan did not work. Neither
man obeyed the hissed command. Instead,
Hempel—the tall, lean man, wheeled his
horse and dashed up the vulley. Vigilante
No. 2, Turk Givens, went for his gun and
"Bahrnine Stur was he hat now vivide." 190. 2, Turk Givens, went for his gun and so lightning fast was he that two vivid streaks of flame lanced the night simul-taneously, Quig and Turk firing at the same instant. One bullet fanned Quig's cheek. The other struck Givens in the

chest and knocked him out of his saddle.

Quig made sure of only one thing—
that Turk was dead. He grabbed off his
black mask, stuck it in his shirt, and
spurred up the valley.

Yet the distance between him and the

tall man failed to narrow. Now both flashed into sight of the ranch huildings. There, men on foot were running towards saddled horses; swinging running towards saddled horses; swinging on to them. Hempel yelled wildly: "Ride, fellers! Bunch of men down valley in brush!" Away they went, pell-mell. Quig counted them in the dim light—five, and Hempel zipped in among them

He sent a few useless shots after them then turned toward the buildings. He must see if Tom Brooks had been mur-dered. What a relief it was when he found the tancher, bound and gagged in his own corral, but alive. His family, he stammered, had been shoved into the cellar and the door spiked shut on them.

QUIG quickly let them out, a terrified woman, two young girls and a small woman, two young giris area a smail boy. The cowboy witnessed a touching family reunion. Small wonder they all were unstrung. Tragedy had been so nar-rowly averted. They tried to thank Quig, but he was furious with himself for doing so little.

"I had a chance to get all seven of the hellers," he spat out. "Threw it away by not playin' my hand right. Should have rid right in here, wearing the mask I've got. Acted like one of 'em and sur-prised 'em all."

"Anyhow, you chased 'em off," gasped Brooks. "They planted a note on me there in the corral. It was the only warning I had. But I heard one of the masked had. Dut I heard one on the measure scoundrels say that the boss was going to claim I was warned ahead of time." Brooks declared he was going to load his family into his wagon and go to Elkhorn

tonight. He'd leave the Basin immediately, if he could sell out. Would the cowboy tide with them and safeguard them on the way to town?

The cowboy helped the girls, the small boy, and Mrs. Brooks into the wagon then rode ahead of it along the dim road to Elkhorn. The outfit, unm olested, moved so slowly that daylight had come before they neared the town.

"Got to say adios here," said Quig, and cot to say acros here, said ying, and explained why he dared not be seen in Elikhorn. His eyes were on the distant buildings. Molly was there—so he thought—and how he wanted to see that sweet, dark girl, to be near her, to look into her glorious eyes, and learn from her own lips that she was all right. Well, some day. . . . Tom Brooks broke into his reverie, say-

"It's too darn bad that Elkhornites ing: At's too carn bad that Eukhormites has this mistaken idea about you, Jim Quigley. I can tell 'em, truthful—"
"Better keep mum about me for the present," Quig broke in. "You can't tell

present." Quig broke in. "You can't tell bow the citizens might roist your story."
The young rancher looked bewildered. T can't see that," he began can't be the start of the

in an appearance at the 3 X L.

"O.K. TI be sellin and leavin,"—if I
can. None of us can begin to thank you
cnough, Quig."

"Indeed we can't," added Mrs. Brooks
brokenly. "Jim Quigley, I wish you'd
run before you get mur—murdered. Ob,
it's terrible!"

'Cheer up!" said Quig, almost gruffly n order to hide his own emotion. tight and don't get stampeded. There's goin' to be plenty more hell to pay, but, believe me, the vigilantes are going to do the final payin!"

He spoke with an assurance he did not feel, looked once more at the distant town, and turned back into the maze of hills. The Brooks' wagon rattled on towards Elkhorn.

S O he rode again to Black Butte, to wait for Bud and John Rockwell. So far, young Bud had done more for their cause young rou had down than he, Jim Quigley, had, with all his blundering, so it would be better to see what new developments Bud might unearth during the day.

When, after three hours of careful riding, he did reach the Black Butte, Quig was disappointed at not finding Bud there. The day passed and still Bud did not appeat. However, when the afternoon shadows were long and the sun was low to the mountain range came old John Rockwell, alone.

"Lo, cowboy." The range veteran's faded eyes were glowing, his manner much less harried and troubled than it had been. "'Lo, John. Gosh a'mighty, but I'm

glad to see you!" "I've been all-fired husy, the hull o'las' night and all day," said Rockwell. I've gathered ten good men. Fightin' men, all of 'em. They'll be driftin' in men, an ot 'em. They'll be driftin' in here to this Butte, 'night after dark. I came ahead so as to be with you when they begin showin' up so you won't take each other for vigilantes. You hep to anything new?"

'Hep to a good deal," said Quig, and related all that had taken place since he had last seen Rockwell.

The old-timer's eyes opened in amaze-ment. He slapped his leg. "I told you Bud'd ferret out somethin if anybody on earth could. We owe the kid plenty... And you shot Turk Givens, saved Tom Brooks and—"

"And let six skunks get away from me," snorted Quig. "Well, our outfit'll now pick up the Wades, Ralph Hempel and Moocher Ed. Get them four t'night. . . Any of the fellows you've got been to town? You hear anything about Molly?"

disappeared from Elkhorn,"

- Lad very grave. "Course I Tou near anything about Motiff:
"She's disappeared from Elkhorn,"
Rockwell looked very grave. "Course I doubt if she's in any danger," he hurried on as he saw Quig's face turn grey. "You see, I met up with Langford this after-

"You saw Langford and he told you Molly was missin'?" Quig cut in. "What'd he know 'bout that?"

"Wal, little while afore the sheriff and Marston hit town, two-three citizens saw Molly fog out o' Elkhorn on Patch, bare-back. An' these same fellers saw Kinsley back. An' these same reliers saw kinsisey and Tait and an H K cowpuncher lam out after her. Twan't long afore Hector Kinsley come back hellity-larrup. He sed him and Molly had been havin' a talk an' she was jus' determined she was goin' out to the Flyin' M. Kinsley sed he to!' her

'twas mighty dangerous and she wouldn't lissen, hut got her hoss an' drifted. "So Kinsley sed he whooped out after her, caught up to her and made her ac-cept the escort of Fred Tait. He sed he was sendin' more men to help her, too, and was sendin' out her saddle by them. Kinsley then ran into the livery barn, where he dug all the hay outs some man-gers and pawed through it. Asked what was he huntin', he sed Molly had lost her purse and he thunk she might ha' dropped it in the manger. Citizens thunk that explained his actions all jake, for they knowed Kinsley was sweet on Molly, figgerin' to marry her."

"You got all this second-hand from what Langford told you, John?" asked

Quig steadily. "Uh-huh, second-hand, yest'day evenin'. I reckon Molly's safe to the Flvin' M."

"Well see 'bout that immejit!' snapped cowboy. "I dont trust Kinsley the the cowboy. the cowboy. "I dont trust Kınssey the distance I could heave a horse uphill. In fact, John, atween you and me, and without proof to back up the statement, I think he's in with the vigilantes. Wasn't Turk Givens his foreman?"

"Shore, but that don't prove-

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# **New Gland Health**

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frings, spain in how, lear, red, red. Nedere
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"I know it don't prove Kinsley's one of 'em," barked the cowboy. "Just the same, it smells skunkish to me. I'm goin' down to the Flyin' M to see about Molly."

Quig moved to get his horse.
"Keep yore shirt on," called Rockwell.
"If Molly's at the Flyin' M, she's there as "If Molly's at the Flyin' M, she's there as bait to get yuh. Kinsley's no fool. You wait until dark, when you won't be seen, and when my warriers get here. Marston an' the sheriff'll be 'long, too. We go to raid the Flyin' M Sensible, Quis,"

The cowboy halted and turned. "Perhaps you're right, John. How soon will your men be here?"

"I'll hurry 'em up. I know whete I can meet most of 'em. If Bud'd come along, he could meet the others. Where's the kid?"

"Like I told you, I sent him to get Langford and come to the 3 X L. Neither Bud nor Langford came. Nor has the kid shown up t'day. Somethin's gone haywire with him.'

Quig's mannet and voice showed his agi-tated state of mind, his worry concerning the game little kid whom he had grown to love in the few days they had been associated

"Aw, Bud's all right." Nevertheless Rockwell's tone lacked assurance and his weatherbeaten face had turned grey. "Even them toughs wouldn't harm the kid."

them toughs wouldn't harm the kid."
"The hell they wouldn't!"
"You sent him to town. That'd be the fust place to look. See if he ever got to the sheriff, who, I know, was in town."
"Since Langford was in town, it's a

cinch Bud didn't get there or Langford would sure have been at the 3 X L. Well, go get your fighters. After we clean up at the Flyin' M, we'll hunt for Bud. Wait, I'll go with you. . . No, I won't, 'cause Bud may show up any minute. Hurry along, John, we've got to do some-

Rockwell hesitated. "I may not be back in a hurry. I ain't sure I can locate all my men. I tol' them ten o'clock."

"You're a comfort when a man's tip-rarin' to be doin' somethin'," said Quig. "Get goin'. I'll wait, even though I know I should be shovin' off alone to the Flyin' M, to see if Molly's-"

ROCKWELL had vanished. A moment latet the wrought-up cowboy heard his horse disappearing into the early darkness of night. Alone, he walked back and forth, jerked over to his horse a dozen times, thought the better of it and hesitated, then walked again, back and forth. His hands clenched and unclenched. Where was Molly? Where was Bud—the orphan of Nels Anderson?

Time dragged interminably. He thought two hours must have passed when suddenly his straining ears detected a slight sound—the rustle of leaves. Quig whirled to face that sound. "That you, Bud?"

to face that sound. "That you, Bud?"
No reply. With his hand on his Colt,
Quig stepped forward. It might have
been just a rabbit, but he was going to
see. Getting jumpy, he was. Directly
behind him three dark clad human figures, minus their boots, rose to their feet and stole toward the left-handed cowboy. Quig's entire attention was upon the underbrush where something had rustled. Now the sound came again—louder.
"Come out of it, or I'll shoot!" hissed

the cowboy Directly behind him came a whispering swish as a deftly thrown noose dropped over Quig's hat and shoulders, and was

over Quigs hat and shoulders, and was savagely yanked tight, pinioning his arms. Like a wild mustang roped for the first time, Quig fought that rope, thoughts racing. If he could throw off that loop—bring his gun to bear on the roper! His Colt was clear of the holster, but he could not bring it up. Now he was down, jerked fiercely to the earth, and three men were pouncing upon him. One sec-ond later the frantically struggling cowboy was stretched out, gunless, held tight and absolutely helpless. One man sat on his stomach, another held his hands; two more had his feet. Four of them? He'd caught sight of only three. Why, there were six altogether! Now Quig tecoprized the two Wade brothers, Doug and Shag, and also the tall, rope-necked fel-

low he had seen near the 3 X L last night, Ralph Hempel.
"Yuh got 'im, fellers?" Hempel asked needlessly. "We trailed yuh down at last, hombre," he went on exultantly.

Quig said no word, just glowered at his captors in the dim light. Why hadn't they shot him instead of taking him alive? Yuh're the geezer as has raised more hell with us'n any other hombre," Hempel "Though a certain gal has done went on. "Though a cettain gal has done her bit. The boss shore did rant an' paw the air when he larnt yuh had kilt Turk Givens. He sed, 'Track that sonovagun down an' get him alive. Alive, so he can be hung publicly in Elkhorn!"

So that was what they were going to de with him! Quig's blood ran cold. He struggled with all his strength, uselessly. Relaxing, he gasped: "Who is yout lousy

boss?"
"You'll nevet know," retorted Hempel and Quig knew the fellow was leering be-hind his mask. "Little Bud Anderson could tell yuh. But he never will. Yore mighty 'ficent spyin' pard has been cor-ralled."

"Corralled? Bud?" "Yep. Oh, we're still holdin' all the cards. Yuh ain't got no hand a-tall now. You an' Bud an' Molly McMillan, all

caught."
"Molly caught?" Quig could not keep the horror out of his voice.

"That shore gits under yore hide," gloated Hempel. "Yep, she's corralled. ... Tie this bear-cat, fellers, an' let's drift ... If this bear-cat, tellers, an let's crift to Elkhorn whar the red-hot citizens'll enjoy hangin' him fer us. An' ain't that jus' kinder funny—ironical too—when this cowwaddy is the best friend them honest citizens has got?

They lashed Quig almost as securely as they were tying an elephant; tied him to his horse and, getting their own mounts, which were not far distant, statted out. Then Hempel suddenly had an idea: "Say," he announced, "maybe this cowboy was waitin' to meet up with somebody else. Doug, you and one of the boys go hide your horses, and keep hid that at the Butte. If somebody comes—use yore own judgment. And there was nothing Quig could do

about it.

(To be concluded)

# Hours of Opportunity

(Continued from page 6) Oh, there are dozens more such stories

each a modern Cinderella tale, with the radio microphone for a magic wand.

There was the boy who hitch-hiked all the way from Oklahoma and found the end of the rainbow-there was the little girl from the department store basement now singing on a national vaudeville tour -there was the young husband who could-

n't get a job as a bookkeeper but whose glorious baritone voice brought so many votes that he now sings daily on a regular redio program. Of course, to tell the real truth about

amateur hours, we must mention the fact that there is the gong to reckon with. When WHN first presented its amateur

hour, it was an "open house" affair. Anybody who wanted to appear on the pro-gram just went up to the studio and got a chance. But as the hour became more and more popular, it was necessary to put some restrictions on the number of con-tistants. Today, for example, about 1,500 to 2,000 people each week apply for the opportunity of appearing on the Tuesday night program. Since only about 30 really do appear, it is necessary to hold auditions first, to weed out those who have no talent.

With so many hundred applications for auditions coming in to the various amateur programs each week, it is the applicant which offers something particularly unusual who gets first preference. Of course, it is difficult to explain in a letter why one's voice is different, but the girl or boy who can do so cleverly is more apt to be chosen than the one who merely writes: "I am a singer and everybody says I am wonderful." Unfortunately, up to the present time

most of the amateur artists have come from the metropolitan New York area beriom the metropolitan inew 10th area oc-cause the popular programs originate in New York. Program managers realize, however, that there is a great deal of talent still to be discovered throughout the country, and there is a teal effort being made to hold auditions in other cities.

Uncle Jim Harkins, who has been master of ceremonies during the summer on the Town Hall program, is personally con-ducting a series of preliminaty amateur contests in seven cities—Philadelphia, Chicago, Boston, Cincinnati, Detroit, Buffalo and Cleveland. Every winner in each of these events, selected by Uncle Jim, will compete later in the Town Hall hour. Thus the amateur gets a chance.

Moreover, he will have his chance in dignity, in courtesy and in friendliness, for that is the spirit of the radio amateur hour. If his talent is read, his future will be assured. If he is no good, he gets the gong and a friendly smile and a suggestion as to what's wrong with him.

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# Fighting Spirit (Continued from page 14)

thrifty McDermid. His men encouraged

"Got one more chance, Hoky," said Raiph, smiling against the difficulties. "Our outfit is smaller and we can climb the soft bank inside the lot faster than can. We've got more traction according to the weight. He doesn't dare leave any of his load. He's got to have

it all on the ground, hasn't he, Hoky?"

Hoky nodded. "He's loaded awful
heavy. Keep on his heels; maybe we can outgo him in the soft dirt. He's gotta

RALPH pulled back in the middle of the highway in order to avoid the soft shoulder of the graveled road. They turned in on the Walland road. Ralph was as close behind the McDermid machine as he could stay with the smaller tractor, ready in case McDermid had to stop for any reason with his long train of trailers on the crooked trail, to make of trailers on the crooked trail, to make an effort to pass and dash into the thresh-ing lot, where an immense crop was stacked. The boys on the machines were yelling back and forth, cheering and jeer-

There was a splintering, crashing sound, and McDermid's big machine sank through the bridge. Men piled off and were doing all they could to obey the con-flicting commands of the angry McDer-

mid McDermid cursed the powers that caused his luck. He heaved on a pry here and one there. He shoved a man out of his way brutally and failed to do what the man was attempting.

Ralph left his engine and came to the creek bed. He pondered the situation. There was no doubt that McDermid's

There was no doubt that McDermid's outfit was in a bad way, but that was the only bridge across the creek—and McDermid had it blocked.

"How d'yuh think yuh're goin' to get through here? Doncha know no better' ntat?" McDermid, snapped at Ralph, who was watching Hoky, the old veteran of the harvest fields, examining the creek bed near the bridge.

"I've got a right to run for it, haven't I, Mr. McDermid? I didn't leave any unthreshed grain on my last stand to get this far," Ralph answered, then turned to

see what his separator man had found out.

As he turned away, McDermid raised a huge fist and landed a heavy blow on the back of Ralph's head, knocking him over the bank into the water. Ralph's men ran to the scene and threatened to attack McDermid. Mac's men showed signs of Ralph was up, drenching wet, mutiny. mutiny. Raipn wa and smiling wryly.

and smining wryph, and smining wryph, and smining wryph, and to fight somebody in order to get a setting for his machine. I don't want to dirty my hands—just now," Ralph suggested and turned and set his eyes on McDermid, "It's perfectly natural for a big burly

it's pertectly natural for a big burly with a full-sized yellow streak running down his back to jump onto a fellow and hit him in the back of the head. But I'm not complaining, McDermid. This is no time for a fight."

time for a fight.

Ralph turned. Then he looked at Mc-Dermid again. His eyes shone fire. His forehead wrinkled, his eyes glinted, sweat burst out on him, he took a step toward McDermid, hesitated; he thought better of it, and went down in the canyon where Hoky was calling him. Hoky had not seen the affair with McDermid.

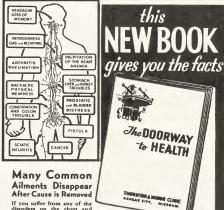
Hoky showed his employer where once he had crossed with an outfit. "By Hoky, let's beat that big jackass, Ralph, hun-n-nh?" said Hoky sympathet-"You're all wet. Didia fall in?"

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M cDERMID's men were busy with jacks and prys, trying to obey the com-mands of McDermid, who heaved on prys and strode up and down, booming orders that he knew could not be carried outand watched Ralph Le Bleu.

Ralph stepped into the cabin with a

glance at his men.

"What do you say, boys?" he forced a little laugh. "Shall we try it?" "Shoot, boss, we'll hold 'er," they shout-

Ralph carefully let the machine do into the canyon. Then he crossed the rocky creek bed and started up the oppo-site side. The incline was steep and the dirt was soft.

He turned on all the power he had and the wheels dug into the soft ground of the bank. He was about half way up the hill when he heard an ominous, grinding sound, and Ralph groaned aloud as the

sound, and Raiph groaned aloud as the tractor came to a sudden stop. "Stripped," he said. Then his eyes flashed in sorrow, partly in anger and partly in anticipation. His fists closed. He jerked out his handkerchief and wiped the sweat from his brow. Despairingly he looked at Hoky.

THE men had gathered around and were observing the driving gears that were ground to pieces. Ralph turned to Hoky again. Hoky seemed to be mote stooped than ever.

"Hoky," said Ralph, "how much time would it take you to remove the driving gear off Daddy Foss's old machine?" "'Bout two minutes if I was there,"

"Bout two minutes if I was there," said the veteran harvester. "It was just my idee, too. By Hoky . . ."
Then Hoky squinted at McDermid's outlit, and, grabbing a couple of wrenches and a hammer out of the tool box, he climbed onto a pony which the boys unhooked from the water wagon, a buckskin, wearing harness.

It was just a mile to the machine where he intended to procure the gear wheel. ne intended to procure the gear wheel. The buckskin seemed to fall into the fight-ing spirit of the emergency with the greasy mechanic who clung close as the horse ran. He went away like a racer, neck stretched forward, tail out straight.

The other machine was cocked up in front. The bridge was being built under the front end. The jacks were set under the rear axle, and two men were screwing them up. They would soon be out if they got traction for the rear wheels.

Ralph's boys had the wheel off and the broken particles of metal out of the gears which would mesh with the substitute

Ralph walked ahead to pick a trail for the machine in case he was able to get it out of the predicament before the competitor's machine rolled.

tor's machine rolled.

He did not see Isaac Walland, who had been reading a newspaper, and, in the maze of excitement at the bridge, had walked out to the fence and was looking on in apparent amusement. Neither did he see an anxious face against the window glass upstairs in the large Walland house. He wondered if Lela saw the mess he

was in. He wondered, too, if Hoky would return in time to do him any good. It was agony to wait, but that was all he could do. He had a route planned.

S OON the buckskin came into sight. He rounded the corner near the creek and Hoky held on only by pulling on the reins with both hands. The horse sailed into the creek and stood trembling in ex-citement as Hoky tossed the gear into

Ralph's hands. "By Hoky, that'll haul 'er. Here's the ey. Shove 'er on, boys." Ralph, glancing from the corner of his

eye, observed the situation on the bridge where he could hear McDermid's boom-

ing voice. He climbed into his cabin just ing voice. Fie climbed into his cabri just as McDermid entered his. McDermid was watching Ralph slyly. Yelling at his men to get the job finished and to do a good job of it, Mac stood nervously in the cabin as he saw that Ralph's outfit was shaping things for another try at the steep bank.

The men ran to the wagons of the Le Bleu outfit and pushed on them when Ralph gave the signal and the machine climbed slowly to the top of the bank. The boys were yelling and whooping when they noticed the big machine crawling out of the debris which had been the bridge. But their own outfit was slightly ahead. That did not mean much just there, how-

ever, to the big machine.

McDermid left the road and veered toward Ralph's outfit until he crowded it farther from the road and then turned his own engine toward the gate. They were running neck and neck again. Ralph Le Bleu's machine was falling a little behind.

Ralph had been driven out of his course Ralph had been driven out of his course and into some stumps, and by the time he had pulled back into the road the big ma-chine had swung ahead. But when the McDermid machine drew into the thresh-ing lot it slowed up because of its weight and the narrow traction surface of its wheels in the softer dirt.

Ralph opened up. He gained on Mac. He had extra tims on his wheels for soft

SAAC WALLAND stood ahead with SAAC WALLAND stood ahead with outstretched arm, showing where the front of the engine should be to make the set. Lela who had been watching the race, ran forward when she saw Ralph gaining.

Two steam engines were roaring wit all their power. Gears groaned harshly. Emergency cylinders shot sprays of black oil. Men's necks stretched as they strained to see the outcome,

to see the outcome. Lela crowded past Jerry in the cabin and slapped Ralph on the shoulders. Just then Ralph threw the emergency cylinder into action, shooting a spray of cylinder oil which covered them. His engine leaped. It trembled. The separator rocked. The men pushed. The old engine pounded as if all the bearings would

rip out. It gained!
"You're gaining, Ralph! Keep it up!" screamed the girl, and, pounding her lover on the back unconsciously, she kept screaming: "Go hard Ralph; you're gaining!"

Ralph, straining every effort of the old machine, was gaining, but was about three vards behind. This was neck and neck yards behind. This was neck and neck racing. Ralph could see his machine

racing. Ralph could see his machine gaining. He was creeping up. But smiling grimly, he shook his head as McDermid's machine stopped even with Walland's hand—leaving Ralph half the length of his engine behind. He drew up to the line indicated by Walland's hand.

McDermid nodded to Walland who nodded in return. Then Mac turned to

Ye will buck me, will ye?" he sneered truculently. "Lots of 'em's tried that Lela was tugging at Ralph's shoulder.

"Does that mean anything, Ralph?" she questioned, pointing to three of McDermid's men who were tugging at a wagon which McDermid's outfit had left at the bridge. The wagon had either come un-coupled or had been left intentionally, to lighten the load.

Ralph chuckled a little when McDetmid looked at him with anget. McDermid's jaw sagged. Walland turned, Ralph's men gave a yell.

"You're set, Ralph," Lela shouted vic-toriously. "One of his wagons isn't hete. His whole outfit isn't set."

AT that moment a horseman rode through the gate behind them. "Mr. Le Bleu?" said the rider, de-

scending from his mount.

"I must attach your outfit to satisfy a

note against it."

With his slow eyes holding steadfastly
on Ralph, Del McDermid chuckled vic-

"Who owns the note, Sheriff?" Lela wrung her hands in wonder. Wal-land looked on coldly. Ralph's men, taken aback after so near a victory, ex-

changed questioning glances.
"The note is held by Mr. Del McDermid here," replied the sheriff. "He asks that I collect the full amount or tie up

your machine. Ralph's heart stopped a beat only to re-

sume with increasing rapidity. Lela put her hand on his shoulder.

Full amount!" Ralph mumbled aloud and staring straight into one of the large stacks of grain. The man who took the note had told him he could take his own time paying for the thresher. McDermid had tricked the man into selling him the note. That meant ruin. Hoky edged around the sheriff's horse and his honest blue eyes found Ralph's studious face.

"Is there no way, Sheriff, that I could pay you part of it and wait till I thresh pay you part or it and wait till it mean this set? Then I could pay you all of it easily." Ralph took off his black cap and san his fingers through his hair. "The note calls for fifteen hundred dol-

lsrs in full. If you want to make a dif-ferent arrangement with Mr. McDermid

McDermid laughed. "I don't want to attempt to deal with Mr. McDermid Here is nine hundred dollars . . " Ralph looked at Lela. "I might mortgage the outfit for six hundred and still be set," he said in a low tone. Hoky stood with his hands in the big bib of his overalls. His blue eyes were danc-ing. First he set them on Ralph, then

W/ALLAND and McDermid had be-W come engaged in conversation. Ralph racked his brain. Tears came to Lela's eyes. Hoky was fumbling with a safety pin in the front of his overalls. He brought out a leather bag that looked

"Here's six hundred, Ralph," he said, walking up to his employer. "Yuh can pay me back when this set is finished. Let's thresh.

Again McDermid's jaw sagged.
"I could kiss you for that, Hoky,"
whispered Lela as she patted his stooped
shoulder.

"So could I!" shouted Ralph, taking the money in one hand and grabbing old

Hoky's gnarled paw in the other. Lela jumped into Ralph's engine and tooted the whistle, announcing the setting.

"That settles the matter, I guess, Mac," said the sheriff who had done his duty, handing over the fifteen hundred dollars to the owner of the note. Lela jumped off the machine and caught hold of her father's suspenders and pulled

him toward Ralph, who stood talking to 'How's that for fighting spirit, Dad-

"How's that for fighting spirit, Daddy?" she laughed assuredly.
"You're all right, Ralph," said Walland, extending his hand, "I've got to congratulate you. I regret what I said yesterday. You have the spirit I like. You could have engaged in a fist fight with Mac over there across the creek, but you were above anything of that sort."

Lela put her father's hand in Ralph's

nd threw an arm about the neck of each of them.

"I always thought you'd like each other," she said joyously as McDermid's big engine chugged its way toward the broken down bridge.

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# Announcement Regarding the Autograph Game

The autograph charts entered in the Gentlewoman Autograph Game, which closed August 19, are now being judged as rapidly as possible, and as there were such a large number submitted, it will take quite a few weeks before the judges' decision can be arrived at. However, watch the information and announcement of the winners



There is much to be said for the modern parent-the parent who looks upon the child as an individual with a life of its own to live, with personality, talent, capabilities to be dewith personality, talent, capabilities to be de-veloped in a manner suited to the child. A far cry, indeed, from the parent of a generation or so ago who commanded: "Children should be seen and not heard!" and exacted only obedience, hlind and unreasoning. Individuality, independence, personality — these were characteristics speedily crushed by the old fashioned parent.

What, then about a child like Shirley Temple? Under the old school of child-rearing, such a little girl would be lost to an adoring world. Her personality, her charm, her gayety of spirit would be crushed by overpowering, dominating elders.

means of expressing her joy in rhythm. Music has always made her happy, and she never hears it without keeping time with her tiny

Suppose, however, whenever she started to dance, there had been stern commands of "Sit still, Shirley! Don't make so much noise!" Would her dancing today be so natural, so

Yet there is no suggestion of the "show-" in Shirley. She dances because she loves to; she smiles because she is happy. Nobody to; and smales because sine is nappy. Nonoody has ever made her self-conscious or all-important by coaxing: "Come, Shirley, dance for Mrs. Jones. Oh-h-h-h, please, Shirley!" Shirley's devotion to her mother, who is the guilding star of the child's career, is deep and

tender. On the set, she obeys instantly and cheerfully. Probably because her mother's commands are not dictatorial; they are courteous, mands are not discatorial; they are courteous, smiling, friendly. They invite a response in the same spirit from her daughter. Shirley has made her mother promise never

to leave her at the studio, no matter who else may be there. One day, when Mrs. Temple was called off the set for a moment, she returned to find Shirley in tears and all work on the picture halted.

In the matter of rehearsing, Mrs. Temple reads Shirley's lines aloud the evening before she is to be used in a scene, Shirley mem-

# CHILDREN SHOULD BE SEEN AND NOT HEARD-

But the mother of Shirley Temple is a modern woman, and she did not follow this old-fashioned rule

orizes them at that time and can run through orizes them at that time and can run through a whole day without further prompting. The two of them have made a sort of game out of acting, and Shirley loves to play it. Mrs. Temple tells the story to Shirley, just as mothers the world over tell the story of Cinderella to their children, and Shirley's interest is aroused. The rest is just play. That is why her acting is so sincere, so real. When she misses a line or a bit of action, she is honestly and noticeably disappointed. When she cries real tears, it is because she is truly as sad and unhappy about the situation as the little girl in the story.

She is a sensitive child-quick to understand and sympathize—thus she can portray depth of feeling beyond her years. Simplicity is the keynote of Shirley's life.

She rises every morning at 7, and when not making a picture, she spends the morning in her backyard and the afternoon studying. When she is making a picture, she studies with a private teacher at the studio in between scenes. Mrs. Temple still tries to include the afternoon nap, but Shirley does not like it. She is a child of action, and it is difficult to

get her to rest. Her diet is very simple. Cereals for break-fast with a glass of milk. Vegetable soup for luncheon, which she loves. A simple dinner. For very special occasions, she is given her greatest dessert desire—"ice cream with gravy on it"-a chocolate sundae.

Shirley was born in Santa Monica, Califor-Shirtey was born in Santa Monca, Cauror-nia, on April 23, 1929, the daughter of George and Gertrude Temple. Her father is man-ager of a bank in Los Angeles. There are two older hrothers in the family—George, who is twenty, and Jack, seventeen.

Shirley is 43 inches tall, weights 43 pounds. Her hair is naturally golden blonde, her eyes are brown. She has a fresh, rosy complexion, and has never needed make-up before the

She is the modern child of modern parents, and we wish our great-grandmothers could see





Step two. Shirley's right hand is placed back of her right ear with her left hand extended; and then she turns in a circle with four counts to the right. There is a change of hands and step is repeated to left



Step three. Shirley pileft foot forward and it the hands move forw hack with the dance



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